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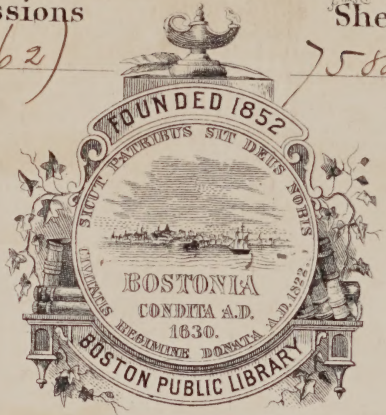


Received Aug. 21, 1889.

# EMANCIPATION.

BY

BY REV. A. L. STONE, D. D.

# EMANCIPATION.

A

# DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN

PARK STREET CHURCH,

ON

FAST DAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1862.

BY REV. A. L. STONE, D.D.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

BOSTON:
HENRY HOYT,
No. 9 Cornhill.
1862.

Printed by
BAZIN & CHANDLER,
37 Cornhill.

2462
AUG 21 1889

# EMANCIPATION.

**Isaiah lviii. 6.**

"IS NOT THIS THE FAST THAT I HAVE CHOSEN? TO LOOSE THE BANDS OF WICKEDNESS, TO UNDO THE HEAVY BURDENS, AND TO LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE, AND THAT YE BREAK EVERY YOKE?"

It is wonderful how the Scriptures of God "bide their time." We read single passages, in careless mood, with a hundred repetitions, without suffering any arrest of thought, or any awakening of sensibility — our eye does not dwell upon them, our mind hardly gathers up their meaning — when suddenly, in changed circumstances, they flash out upon us with a marvelous illumination, as though a Divinity had just entered into them and spoke to men, as out of the burning bush on Horeb. The words of solace for afflicted ones, are passed indifferently by, until some bereaving stroke leaves us desolate — and then we turn to the lines where God is written "the widow's Judge," and "the Father of the fatherless," as the hunted hart to

the water brooks. The words of warning against violations of the Divine statutes, are glanced over without any quickening of the pulses; and then some great witnessing tragedy, a manifest judgment on the head of impiety, suddenly viens the warning sentence as with the lightnings of Heaven's wrath.

The Old Testament, in our current notions and sympathies, has been almost outlawed from human affairs. We have turned its leaves for its curious and quaint old histories, but felt as though we were living under a new dispensation. And now the days have come upon us, for which these strong-chorded elder Scriptures have been waiting. Their representations of God, as the Rewarder of the evil doer, the Avenger of the wronged, the Asserter of his own trampled prerogatives; their denunciation of confederate schemes of fraud and villainy; their imprecation of Just retribution upon the crest of arrogant crime, suit the day and the hour of the intense present.

How strangely fresh is that challenge of God, twenty-five centuries old, which I have repeated here in his name this morning! Was it not written for this time? If a messenger of heaven, sent swiftly to our land, with a word just spoken of the Most High, for this burdened hour, rehearsed that word in the hearing of this congregation, would it

not be this ancient message renewed? Is it not time that this message have a voice — that it run to and fro with nimble feet, that it pause at every man's door, and gather a response from every man's soul?

What is THE QUESTION to-day, that hangs its dark problem cloud-like above us, and flings its shadow over the land? There is but ONE question. Till now, men would not look upon it as the next question to be met in our national progress. To multitudes it never seemed practical till now. It has been rising before us, like a mountain on the far horizon's verge, as the traveller presses near. At last it bars our way. We have come to the mountain wall. There is no going round. There is no retreat. There is no standing still. Through it, or over it we must advance.

The national problem that demands solution now, is not *how to adjust the working of State and Federal Sovereignties.* The delicate relation between these separate sovereignties, bears well the great strain which has come upon it, in the vigorous assertion of national unity and federal headship with which war has been marshalled and prosecuted. The allied supremacies have wrought, each its appropriate functions, without jar or friction. Before either could assert its prerogative, the other was eager to volunteer its tribute,

to run with free-will offerings. We have taught ourselves, and we have taught whom it may concern, that we have a Government, a Nationality, single-handed, which can cope with any call to action that may come upon us.

There is no question to-day *whether armed rebellion shall be put down.* That purpose is fixed. Cost what it may of blood and treasure, of fields laid waste and cities burned, the highways of commerce torn up, and the busy hum of human industry silenced, the sorrow of desolate homes and great burdens laid on our necks for years to come, —the front of rebellion is to be rolled back into a gulf so deep that not one symbol of its defiant power shall ever appear above the wave. The parricidal hands that lift themselves against our mother's bosom, though they were the dearest our own had ever clasped — though the same ancestral fountain made their palms and ours warm, we hesitate not to dash aside, to lop away in such sacred defense. There was a time when it was a question, will the North, will the Loyal fight for the Union? The doubt griped the heart of the nation as with a mortal spasm. But that hour and that doubt have long since passed.

Nor is it a Question *whether the Union is worth fighting for.* It did seem to here and there a heart, that if our territorial nationality could only

be preserved by dashing section against section in the shock of arms, awakening the malign and murderous passions that rage along the front and in the rear of battle, showing to the world in this latest age of light, and in this fairest home of Christianity, the spectacle of Brothers armed against Brothers' life ;—and rebel States and rebel men could only be made to bend the knee and pay allegiance with the sullen face and bitter memories of an humbled and conquered people, the issue were not worth the terrible cost. But it soon came to be seen, that not the mere credit of victory for the national arms, not the mere supremacy of the rightful sovereignty, not territorial Unity and the greatness of the Republic, were at stake, but that the ripest fruits of the world's slow progress, and the most precious hopes of enlightened man rested on this single venture. It was a contest not baldly between Union and Disunion, but between Law and License, between Order and Anarchy, between a Christian civilization and brutal barbarism, between the age and the forces of iron, and the age and the forces of light and love. The cause of the Union was thus seen to be worth the sacrifice, put the estimate where we would.

It is not a Question, *whether it is the right of this nation to be one nation.* We may look quite

overgrown to foreign eyes. They may watch our towering stature and swelling bulk with jealous alarm. They may measure on the map the magnificent proportions of our domain, looking off on two oceans, and sending down navigable waters, toward either pole of this Northern Continent, with a soil so rich and productions so varied, with industry so rewarding, and art and enterprise so adventurous and resolute, and argue that it were better for the world's peace and progress, that we should be broken up into fragments, partitioned off into separate and rival kingdoms, that should watch against and prey upon each other. But we are not bound to take that view. We shall hardly see it in that light. This great territory is ours, fairly ours, all ours. We encroach upon no power on the footstool, by occupying our own. The outlay of purchase money, of means for national improvement and national defense, bids us be one. The ordinance of nature bids us be one — an ordinance written in unbroken mountain ranges, and great rivers, and vallies without one rib of earth or rock to mar their continuity and hint at national bounds. The past of a common history and prosperity, the universal acceptance of the same forms of civil life and Government, the sacred pledges and covenants of representative conventions, the old flag, borne to earth's end, and

ocean's farthest shore, with each unit of confederate life, publishing its vow of fealty in the floating stripes, and the constellation of sister stars, the power of this unity, as a testimony for all that we stand for of larger freedom, and more sacred privilege for men and nations, all agree in our right to be "one and inseparable now and forever."

The Question *whether we shall be able to conquer*, is not one which we in these latitudes care to argue. We suppose it has been shown that Northern manhood is at least equal to Southern. Any just comparison of means and resources, of power to endure the strain and bear its burdens, —of numbers, discipline, might and generalship in armies and fleets, reveals the vast preponderance of the Union cause; — successive victories and conquering advances tell the same story; so do the words of cheer from all our homes, that follow these advances, more heartening and fortifying to our soldiers than thousands of enforced recruits, and especially the set and grim expression on every Northern face, that speaks the fixed determination to pause nowhere, whether for reverses or for victories, so long as one traitorous hand wields a weapon of rebellion against the Union of these States. We, too, are in forward search for that "last ditch," in which the last rebel is to lie bleeding, and we shall not halt till

we find it, and if need be, make its boasted record good. We may not be able to *overtake* our enemy, but we shall pursue him till not one entrenchment or hiding-place is left him, on all the soil of our country. The patriot States and the patriot armies feel that this is within their power, as it is their one settled purpose.

The real question, which, as a nation, we are facing to-day is, WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH FOUR MILLIONS OF SLAVES?

I will not call them *African* slaves. They have no memories of Africa; they never had homes in Africa; they never saw Africa; they have no longing for Africa. They have African blood in their veins, diluted, mingled, whitened. They are *American* slaves. They were born here in our "*sunny South.*" They love the land and the soil of their nativity. They love its scenery and its climate, and are suited to its occupations. They do not desire to flee from the scenes amid which their lives have been spent. It is only slavery they flee from. If some benevolent agency were to remove them to the land of their remote ancestry they would generally feel it to be expatriation and exile. This land gave them birth, this land has held them; it has made itself their home. This land ought to provide for them within its borders. It is in this land these "native Americans" desire to remain.

What shall we do with them? How shall we provide for them? This is not the question what shall we fight for? There's but one answer for that question. We are fighting to put down rebellion, to master treason, and restore the shattered union. But war's successes, every one of them, bring up the question anew, "how shall we provide for these nomads, wandering to and fro without a master and without a home?" It is not a question embarassed now by the counter-plea of "State rights." Rebel States have lost prerogative on the soil they could legislate for once. They have no rights that must bar the national will. Martial law, military necessity reign supreme. A brief while ago there was but little, it was thought, the national Government could do directly on this question. To stimulate our zeal, then, and fire our hearts, looked like spurring a high blooded courser against a dead blank of wall which he could not over-leap, nor break through: now the broad fields of the slave zone lie open to our action, and God in his providence is compelling us to act.

The whole question is before us. It is not, what are we to do with fifteen hundred contrabands at Fortress Monroe, or with twelve hundred at Port Royal, or with a few scores at every stride of the patriot armies. Have we look-

ed carefully at that new aspect of the war opened upon us by the rebel retreat from Manassas? It was the hope of many that the contest would, in effect, be ended by the subjugation, and perhaps capture of that great mass of armed traitors with all their munitions; that one such stroke would dismay the whole heart of Secessia, make her knees tremble, and bring her to terms. Some of us felt greatly disappointed when the news came staggering North, (no despatches walk straight) that the hiding places where our foes had skulked so long were deserted, and that our foes had "run away" to "live and fight another day." Perhaps a great and decisive victory there with loss of all on the rebel side would have brought the disloyal States to their senses, and prompted them to negotiate for peace. THERE, then, might have paused the feet of the Union forces. The northern column might have penetrated no farther as a discoverer and chain breaker amid the dark secrets of the land of bondage. The Rebel States coming forward to treat, would have come with their institutions and laws of internal life undisturbed. And slavery by the powerful plea of making peace on gracious terms with subdued and submitting States, might have come back unsmitten to be dandled in the arms of the Union. But what is that "masterly retreat" of the rebels

doing! What but drawing on the loyal advance from river to river, from State to State, till the proud old banner of freedom shall float above every plantation, and the northern battle-axe striking in the van, shatter every fetter of the enslaved. Be it so in God's name! Let the army of deliverance march on, Despots and Despotism flying before it, and the four millions of slaves come flocking to it, four millions of Refugees, and, holding out eager hands, themselves ask the paternal Government, "what shall become of us?"

What shall the paternal Government say? Shall it leave these loosened captives, these unguided wanderers to go to and fro on all the face of the land, closing its ears to their call, looking off into vacancy when they kneel before it as though it saw nothing at its feet, seem neither to see or hear the rushing and roaring past of this great tide — the gathering and breaking of these sable billows — shake off the appeal — wave aside responsibility—virtually say to the shelterless and homeless thousands, "you must take care of yourselves, you must not look to me, I have nothing to do with you, go and hide in the marshes — go and plunder where you will, go to the 'Great Dismal Swamp' and make much of it, for all I care."

Shall it gather upon its face an air of rebuke and remonstrate with these colored travellers, "where are you from?" "Are you not runaways?" "You must return to your owners and slip your necks into the collar again." Shall it proceed carefully and softly in search of the fugitive masters, and plead, "If you will lay down that rifle and bowie knife I will lead you back to your estate which I have scrupulously guarded for you, and restore you your slaves, and you will find that you have lost nothing by rebellion but a summer's crop."

I repeat, we are not *fighting* for the release of the slaves and the destruction of the institution. But the child that knows least about the great rebellion knows that it was slavery's desperate stroke for supremacy in this land, or failing that for a dismemberment that should give slavery a great empire all its own. Slavery constituted that great privileged class at the South, that order of nobility that cannot brook a superior. Slavery filled this lordly class with a contempt for free laborers which would make ruin itself more welcome than submission to such plebeian masters! Slavery made it necessary that those who guarded its life and perpetuity should have the control of the Government. Slavery debauched the conscience and perverted the moral views of those who lived

by it, so that perjury under most solemn oaths, treachery to every sacred covenant, fraud, lying and theft were resorted to without scruple or shame. Slavery uttered the first threat when the great Republican party named its candidate to the nation. Slavery hounded the Republican President on his way to the capital, with conspiracies and snares. Slavery was declared to be the corner stone and the top stone of the new confederacy when the great defection was complete. And slavery lifts to the sunlight and breezes of God's heaven, and to the eyes of all earth's brotherhood, its black sign and emblem in the sable bar that shades so deeply the latest rebel banner. It has been a leaven of disorder and strife through fifty years of our history; it has flatly contradicted every generous word we have spoken for freedom and human rights; it has condemned and disallowed the great democratic ideas having their incarnation in our Governmental fabric; it has clutched eagerly and savagely at every new rood of territory opened for national occupation; it has been a standing protest against what we boasted as the freer and purer civilization of the Western world, an anomaly amid our laws, institutions and social system, an internal and irreconcilable antagonism to our unity, liberty and progress—at home a pest, disgrace abroad. It has opened purposely

that great chasm that stretches to-day its black gaping seam across the breadth of the land; it has kindled the baleful and devouring fires of civil war; it gave the stormy signal of battle and bloodshed before Sumter's silent walls; it has drawn millions of treasure from commerce and industry, and hundreds of thousands of lives from pleasant homes and peaceful pursuits to subdue its mad rage against the mother that sheltered it so long and tenderly, and has crimsoned the turf of our land that has been green these many years beneath heaven's dews and showers, with the red life of loyal hearts.

Shall this evil thing be the only thing of which we shall be tender and careful, now that the national will can go forth unfettered? Shall every thing else the land has rich and dear be sacrificed in this extremity, and slavery alone be saved? Shall we who love the country, give up the earnings of frugal and toiling years, give up our family hopes and comforts, give up our Sabbaths and Sabbath ordinances, give up our sons and brothers, and hold life itself ready to the call, that slavery, which has struck at the country's heart, may come out of the strife with every plume unshorn? Are we sacrificing so much that we may gather again the scattered flock of States with this wolf in the midst? Do we build again the temple of the na-

tional unity with this bomb-shell as one of the stones of the rising walls, its fuse burning, and another explosion sure? Shall we conquer a peace by such suffering and outlay and bind up with it in its covenant and treaty the same old element of rending and strife?

A few years will pass, and among our cities and villages will be seen half built houses, half tilled fields, enterprises of improvement and enlargement arrested in mid-career, men moving about scarred and maimed—with crutches instead of implements of labor in their hands—monuments and relics of fierce battles and wasting campaigns, and our children will ask us, "what was gained by the great war?" Shall we have nothing to show for it all, no answer to give but this, "a new lease of life for slavery?"

It will not do for us to forget that this war, however set down to the score of rebel guilt, is God's judgment upon the whole nation. The cry of the oppressed had come up before him. The "hire of the laborer" had been long kept back in our fields. Measures of limitation and of abatement for the great pestilence might have been inaugurated years ago. Compensative emancipation could have been resolved upon at any point in our history; but we were frightened at the cost, (are we doing things cheaply now?) and

there were those who would not suffer the word "emancipation" to be spoken. Let the Government plant such an idea, though it were in the planting but as a grain of mustard seed, "which is the least of all seed," and it was seen that that day and that act writ the doom of slavery. And there were many whose consciences were ridden night and day by constitutional compromises, and who felt that their hands were tied. And there were many others who trembled to face the frowning cloud, the tempest heads, which lay lowering on the Southern sky and growled their thunders whenever a finger touched the bone of contention. But if there be need of repentance for the past what should we answer to God and to history if we should falter now! We have felt and said, perhaps, in the past, that we could not make the question of our relation to slavery a strictly *moral question*, that we could not ask, *what is just*, *what is right*, *what is philanthropic*, because we must first ask, *what does the political compact require?* But slavery now is in the field under a traitorous flag. The privileged order is converted into a standing army of rebels. They who claimed under State law and the compromises of the constitution, are found in arms against the nation's life, and whatever is needed in the judgment of the Executive and his advisers to en-

sure victory and permanent peace, to put down rebellion and weave again the bonds of Union IS LAWFUL NOW. THE GREAT CONSTITUTION OF NATIONAL DELIVERANCE AND NATIONAL SAFETY IS OUR CHARTER NOW. With what weapon can we conquer, and conquering seal the public tranquility, so far as this cause of dissension is involved, for all time to come, is the legitimate question now.

Now we can take moral views without restriction. Now, if never before, we can ask 'what is just and righteous before God.' We can show to the world, what we have all along been protesting, how our consciences have been oppressed and straitened. Nothing hinders our doing the moral right.

At one and the same time, by one and the same effective stroke, we can end the war, right the wronged, please God, ensure future peace and redeem our dishonored name before the tribunal of a listening world.

This one great act to which I believe our country is now solemnly summoned and led, is THE EMANCIPATION OF 4,000,000 OF SLAVES.

There have been favorable and critical times in our country's history for driving the entering wedge into this vital compact system, which have found us unequal to the high duty. They have

passed,—with reproaches upon our cowardice and selfishness — and the dominion of the great wrong has but been strengthened. It ought not to be endured, it will not be endured that this time should go by — this explicit offer of Providence to lift our feet from the miry clay of policies and expediencies and compromises and inhumanities, and set them upon the rock of justice and eternal righteousness; and we refuse to accept deliverance. The final day of Slavery must be decreed. Though distant, we must be able to see it. If we urge no particular scheme, *some* scheme of emancipation, though slow, must be entered upon, that shall pronounce it in the hearing of all the people, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther. And here shall thy proud waves be stayed." If we can not have immediate emancipation, if Slavery and the war cannot end together, we must have the certain vision of it before us. Nothing will satisfy us but to be assured that the great exodus is moving.

If I know the temper of the people and of the times, we are not going forward from this crisis upon uncertainties. We must not. For one I dare not. To patch up a peace with Slavery vital as ever, nursed from its well nigh mortal sickness into health once more, reinstated in all its power to work mischief and to poison the fountains of

our honor and our prosperity—to catch the men and women that flock to the Union ranks with the little bundles of their worldly goods in their hands, welcoming the delivering marches — testifying "bress de Lord" that it is what they have been "prayin' for and waitin' for," and rivet the chain upon their limbs and press the yoke upon their neck and hound them back to bondage again, were such affront to a just God that the fiercest stroke of His wrath, flashing instant vengeance down, were our just recompense. If nothing more can be done now, if no key can be found at once to open the prison door, we must have unequivocal assurance that Slavery is doomed — that emancipation is begun.

For myself, I believe the sooner this decisive step is taken, and the sooner it is made operative, the better. Our armies are covering the South — Emancipation goes naturally with their progress, and ought to march in the van where the flag of freedom waves. The presence of the armies secures for emancipated slaves protection, government, good order and temporary occupation. With the armies can go educational commissions, agricultural commissions, colonizing commissions, agents and directors of every name for supervising the various interests of the new freemen and inaugurating for them an independent

and self-supporting type of life and labor. A portion of the confiscated lands of slave holding rebels through the gulf States would furnish ample accommodation for the new settlers, and their skill in raising the various products most suited to the soil might be immediately turned to account. The self-respect of recovered manhood, the incentives of competence, comfort and self-elevation in prospect would stimulate industry, regularity and economy. For all disorder the police of such armed national guards as must needs be maintained for a while in the disturbed state of a conquered country would suffice. The readiness of this simple-hearted people to fall into habits of order, diligence and sobriety under proper supervision, *immediately upon their enlargement*, as witnessed at the points where any systematic attempts have been made to guide and control the "contrabands" that have sought our forces, must have surprised any of us who had felt that they must be slowly and patiently trained, under the yoke, for safe and prosperous freedom. EMANCIPATION IS THE SLAVES PREPARATION TO ENJOY IT AND USE IS WELL. The precious endowment of self-ownership carries in its own gift, a thoughtful and provident spirit, the responsibility and the power of self-control. Make a chattel a man, and you bestow upon him

in that same boon intellect, heart, will, sagacity, prudence, the wants, hopes and aspirations of a man. The slaves freed thus far by the mere tread of our columns, or by the shock of battles won, have not rushed into ferocious lawlessness and wild excesses. It is not their hands that have set fire to mansions and store-houses, burned down cities and bridges, hacked the flesh off from the bones of dead enemies, to bear about the bones as brutal trophies. They seem not to have known the dark passions of revengeful hate. They manifest only a childlike joy, at the strange but long-looked-for enlargement. They are gentle, tractable and docile. They submit themselves to tuition and direction; they show loyal hearts, they tell the truth, they are ready to labor and to save.

A correspondent of *The World* writing from the army of the West has recently said:

"The fugitives are generally shrewd and industrious; and the farmers of Kansas gladly avail themselves of this supply of laborers. This is an assertion utterly at variance with the general impression. It is nevertheless literally true. In slavery, one can hardly imagine a more shiftless, indolent being than a Missouri negro. But the change from slavery to freedom effects an instantaneous and complete revolution in his character. With the consciousness of liberty comes the necessity for exertion: and effort is born of necessity. The slave who worked carelessly felt that he had no interest

in the result of his labor; no amount of industry would benefit him, and he naturally did as little as he could consistently with safety. But when he is a free man, he rises equal to the emergency. This has been the case wherever my experience has extended. There is not a man who has been liberated by this brigade but is abundantly able and willing to take care of himself. *In every case we have found the slave fit for freedom.*"

We forget that emancipation is not a new experiment. For about a quarter of a century that experiment has been going forward in the British West Indies. Its results are historic and indisputable. The predicted swift lapse of the freed-men into idleness and degradation has not been witnessed. In the Island of Barbadoes where the average price of land is five hundred dollars an acre there are from the emancipated slaves over 3500 proprietors of small landed estates. "The colored mechanics and artisans in this island are declared to be equal in general intelligence to the artisans and mechanics of any part of the world equally remote from the great centres of civilization." (SEWELL "*in Atlantic Monthly of March*, 1862.) In the Island of Jamica there are not less than 60,000 households of this race — proprietors of the houses and homesteads which they occupy, living in comfort and some of them in affluence and luxury. There are more than Ten Millions of Dollars in the

Savings Banks of the Islands to the credit of the industry, frugality and enterprise of these freed slaves.

A Christian missionary writing from Jamaica bears this testimony, as a truth of his own observation.

"I do not know where a more quiet and influential people can be found, than the emancipated slaves of this island. I am ashamed (as an American) to say it, but we enjoy far greater security of both person and property than is any where enjoyed in the States. There is not half the necessity for bars and bolts; locks and keys. The people are law-abiding and loyal, easily controlled and governed. With the exception that the people are ignorant and unenlightened, (the result of the bondage to which they have been doomed,) there is no better state of society anywhere."

In the Island of St. Vincent, in a population of 30,000 there are no paupers, with an average church attendance of 8000, and the criminal records showing a remarkable obedience to law.

In Guiana, though the laboring class is estimated at only 70,000 souls, so lately released from slavery they enjoy already properties in land and houses, for which they have paid nearly half a million of dollars. — *Atlantic Monthly*, *March* 1862.

And so the record runs with variations, through the whole group.

In all, unless Trinidad with its peculiar conditions of sparse population, cheap lands, and injudicious and selfish policy of the planters should be considered an exception, the people are more happy and contented; in all, they are more civilized * * there are more provisions grown for home consumption, than ever were raised in the most flourishing days of slavery; trade has largely increased, imports and exports multiplied, and a great number of minor articles produced and cultivated, which, twenty years ago, did not exist in the Islands — the fruit of the industry of the free system. —*Atlantic Monthly*, *March*, 1862.

If such results have attended the experiment in the West India Islands, what might not be rationally hoped for here, under the stimulating and conserving missionary labors of our ever active Christianity — the calls to hope, energy and ambition, with which all the air is vocal — the rich prizes held out to industry and success?

If the demand for labor, and the reward of labor on our own soil, were less promising for freed slaves than they would seem to us to be, there is to-day such a demand from these same West India Islands, which the emigration of tens of thousands from these shores could not supply.

And it is an impressive and a significant fact, in the experience from which we have quoted, that

those Islands which abolished slavery the most immediately and summarily, without any stepping-stones of half-freedom and half-apprenticeship, have shown the largest and ripest progress, since the emancipating act.

It is safe to do right. There is no policy like the policy of Justice. We may venture boldly where the Law of God leads the way. All the Divine attributes are on the side of such an experiment. To men we may appear to go rashly forward, but the path of rectitude will never betray our feet. We may descend thus to seeming weakness, but it will be only to take hold of everlasting strength.

Let us then, this day, lift up a call for *Emancipation.* Let us repeat the call till the echoes gather back upon us thick and loud — till the Government that has already broken silence with an utterance worth a hundred victories, and only waits the fitting hour to speak the word as an edict of sovereignty, shall hear the swelling chorus and feel that the hour has come. Speak that word, and it is the death knell of rebel hope! Speak it, and along our line of advance, all confused and wavering policies in respect to the colored refugees, end in clear and humane certainties. Speak it, and our noble constitution needs not one syllable of change to welcome it; speak

it, and all the relations of law, and labor, and life, in the whole land, will at once adjust themselves to it and make room for it. Speak it, and a new era opens upon the South, as the field of competition for a world of hungry laborers. Speak it, with offers of compensative gold to the loyal master, as the long-delayed right of the bondman, as the fitting retribution for the rebel master, and yet one that carries, even to him, a blessing in it.

Speak it, that every prayer for victory may baptize and consecrate it, that our national penitence, in view of such an issue, may kiss the rod that has chastened us, with such dread cost and suffering; and that pitying hearts, that have waited so long for the year of Jubilee to come to their colored brethren, may rise up, each in such rejoicing thankfulness and full satisfaction as Simeon felt — "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

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